

The Birthday Week



Pictures & Verses by Mary A. Lathbury.







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THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.



Monday's bairn is fair o' face,—
Tuesday's bairn is full o' grace,—
Wednesday's bairn 's a child of woe,—
Thursday's bairn has far to go,—
Friday's bairn is lovin' and givin',—
Saturday's bairn must work for a
 livin';
But the child that's born on the Sabba'
 day
Is wise, and bonny, and good, and
 gay,"





THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Monday—Fair of Face.



O little maid of many moods!
The dimples in thy face
Flit in and out like tricky elves,
With soft and sudden grace.

And when I search thy face, the smiles
And blushes come and go,
Like little drifts of gold and rose,
Across the sunset snow.

Some day thy mirror, or thy friends,
Will tell thee thou art fair,
And fairy folk will fill thy head
With dreams as light as air.

Some day—but, ah, believe them not
Who praise thy pretty face!
But trim the little lamp within
That gives the outward grace.









Monday

11
Kate L. Smith.
June 30th —

Monday



THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Tuesday—Full of Grace.

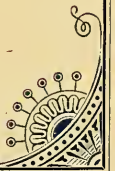


Upon thy birth-morn, little maid,
The swallows' airy flight,
Led past thy window to the wood
Where fairies danced at night.

And since thy little feet began
To patter to and fro,
The rhythm of the fairy-ring
Is felt where'er they go.

What is the secret of the grace
That runs like songs of birds,
Or like their flight in air, through all
Thy merry ways and words?

I fear me thou hast unseen wings
That may—alas, the day!
Unfold some sunny Easter morn
And carry thee away.



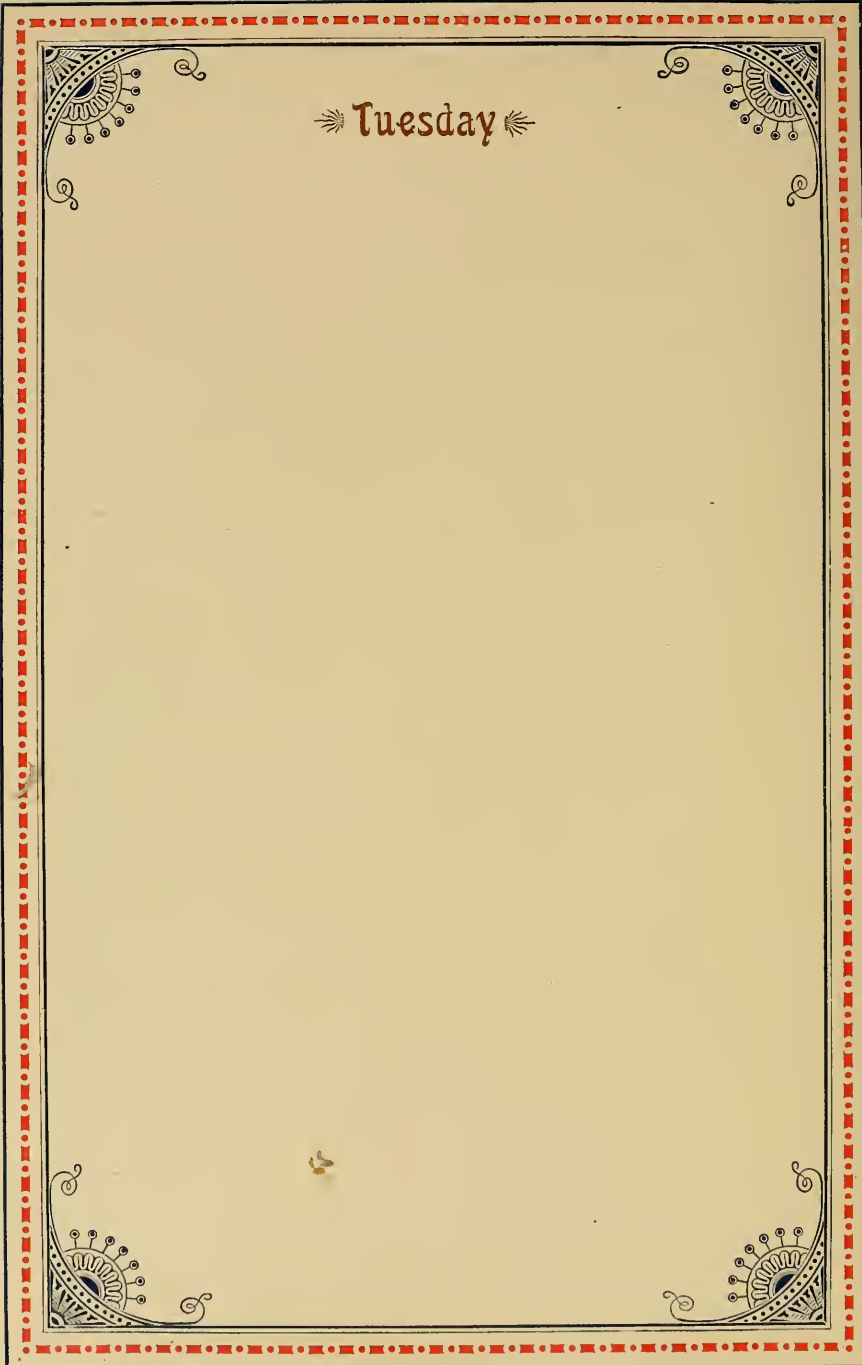






✻ Tuesday ✻

Lucile M. A. -
December 31 - 1877.



Tuesday



THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Wednesday—A Child of Woe.



Blue eyes—true eyes, but full of tears!
Some shadow o'er thy tender years,
Like rain clouds on a morn in May,
Shuts out the sunshine of the day.

Perhaps some dear, accustomed face
Has strangely faded from its place
On earth, but leaning from the skies,
Has won thy wistful, dreamy eyes.

But the "clear shining after rain"
Will turn the gray to gold again;
And love, grown rich with long delay,
Will come in other guise some day.

Some day—some day when ships come
in,
And those who lost at last shall win,
Then blue eyes—true eyes, wet with
rain,

The sun shall fill thy skies again.









Wednesday

✽ Wednesday ✽



THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Thursday—Far to Go.



I know a little willful maid
Who swings her hammock in the shade,
And swinging, sings a roundelay
 As wild as a bird's,
 And all the words
Are "over the hills and far away!"

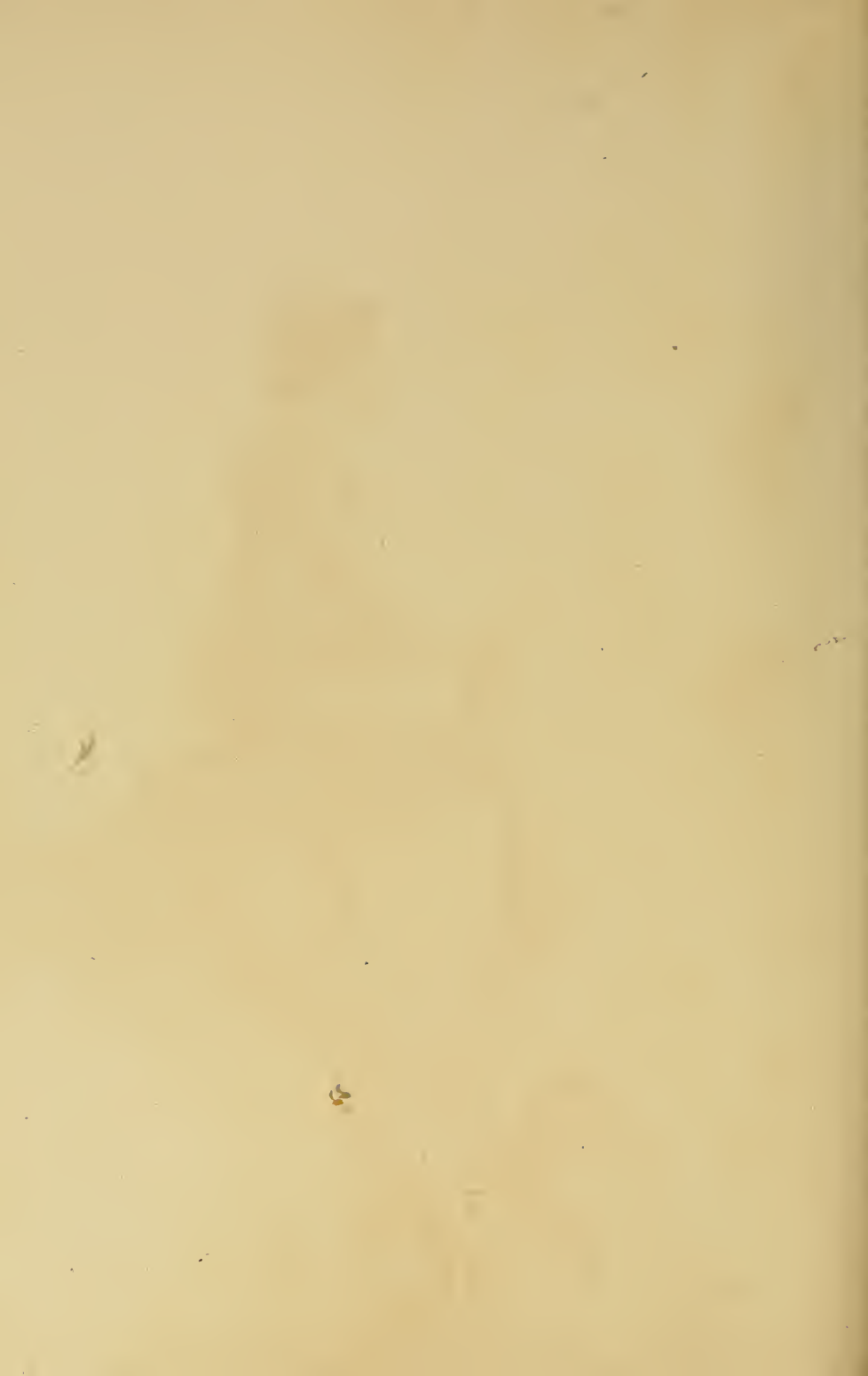
Sometimes, among the sea-rocks gray,
She counts the passing sails all day,
And sings—or sighs, which can it be?—

 A little refrain
 Again and again,
"My heart, my heart, is over the sea!"

How shall we charm the restless mood?
Is there a drop of gypsy blood
In those blue veins? Ah, we must wait,

 For woe and weal
 Are under a seal,
Fast folded in the book of fate.









Thursday

Jana Deagle
June, 6. 1878.

Thursday



THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Friday—Loving and Giving.



Little loving, giving maiden,
Freighted, weighted, overladen
With the love that finds in giving
All the joy and end of living!

When she has no gift for blessing,
“Only love!” she sighs, caressing;
Ah, she knows not all her treasure!
Love is more than gifts can measure.

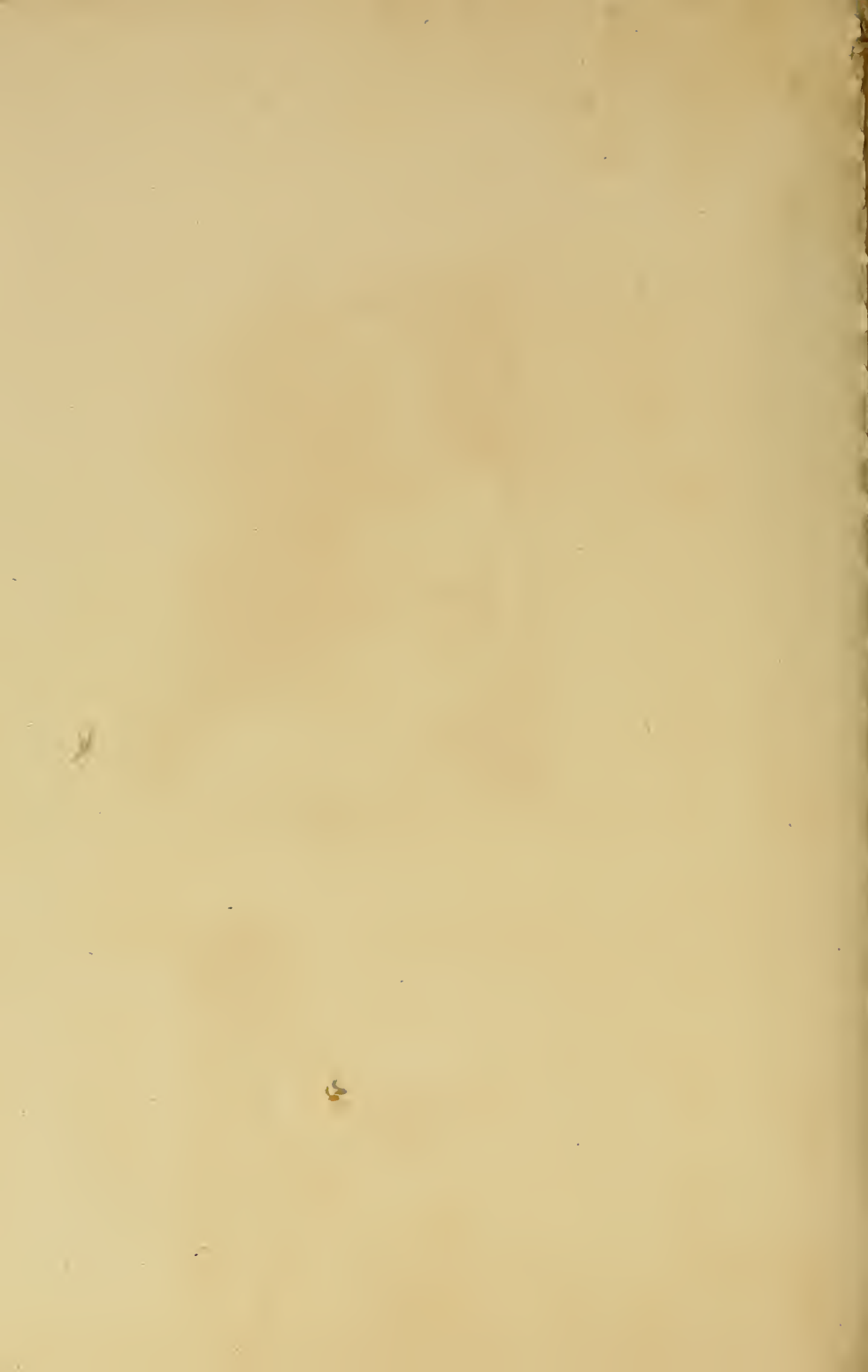
Can it be that days are coming
When some princely beggar, roaming
On a quest of love and daring,
All her sweetness will be wearing

For a day to deck his armor?
Lest some loveless love should charm
her,

Angels, call her—love her—woo her!

Open Heaven's gates unto her!









Friday

Friday

THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Saturday—A Little Housemaid.



Why is your work-song over,
Honey-bee mine?—I call,
There's surely a cloud on the clover;
I fear me rain may fall!

"O the work-a-day world is spinning
Forever a dull, brown thread,
With never a fair beginning,
And never an end!" she said.

O blind little spinner! Believing
Is sight for the eyes that see,
The Lord of thy life is weaving
A wonderful web for thee.

His hands have wrought ever beside
thee;
The work of thy days they hold.
And the dull, brown threads that tried
thee

Are turning to white and gold!







✽ Saturday ✽

❖ Saturday ❖



THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

Sunday—Wise, and Bonny, and Good,
and Gay.



Do you ask me of my maidie—

Is she wise?

Like the flowers, the bees, the birds,

She has wisdom without words.

She is like a rose unfolding,

Love, and life, and death beholding,

With a slowly waking wonder

In her eyes.

Is she good, and gay, and bonny?

Like the air

Breathes she goodness, sweetness,
truth,

With her simple, guileless youth;

Like a lily, or a morning,

She is gay in her adorning,

And to all who know and love her,

She is fair.









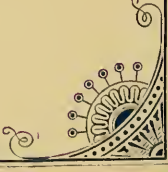
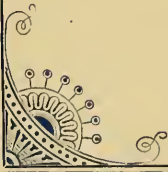
☼ Sunday ☼

Mary Ann Brittain.

Feb 22. —

John Doyle.

Sept 8th
" "



✻ Sunday ✻

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